So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Vpon his viſage; and that all the walles
With painted Imagery had ſayd at once,
Ieſu preſerve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke.*
Whil'ſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Beſpake them thus: I thanke you Countri-men;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard*; no man cride, God ſave him;
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was throwne upon his ſacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe have pittied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we ſworne Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my ſonne *Aumerle.*

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now;
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my ſonne; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,

God

God knowes, I had as liefe be
Yor. Well, beare you well in
Leaſt you be cropt before you
What news from Oxford?
Aum. For ought I know
Yor. You will be there I kn
Aum. If God prevent not,
Yor. What ſeale is that that
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? Let m
Aum, My Lord, 'tis nothin
Yor. No matter then who
I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee t
Aum. I do beſeech your G
It is a matter of ſmall conſeq
VVhich for ſome reaſons I w
Yor. VVhich for ſome reaſ
I feare, I feare.
Dut. VVhat ſhould you f
'Tis nothing but ſome Bond, t
For gay apparrell againſt the
Yor. Bound to himſelfe? w
That he is bound to? wife, y
Boy, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I doe beſeech you pa
Yor. I will be ſatisfied, let m
Treaſon, foule treaſon, villain
Dut. VVhat's the matter, m
Yor. Hoa, who's within the
Heaven for his mercy what tre
Dut. Why, what is't my
Yor. Give me my boots, I ſa
Now by my honour, my life,
I will appeach the villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
Yor. Peace fooliſh woman.
Dut. I will not peace, wha
Aum. Good mother be co
Then my poore life muſt anſwe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA